Numb. 25.

THE TATLER Revived.

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF Esq;

De Amicitiâ omnes ad unum idem ſentiunt, & ij, qui ad rempub ſe contulerunt, & ij, qui rerum cognitione, doctrinâque delectantur : & ij, qui ſuum negotium gerunt Otioſi : poſtremo ij, qui ſe totos tradiderunt Voluptatibus, ſine Amicitiâ vitam eſſe nullam, ſi modo velint aliquâ ex parte Liberaliter vivere. TUL.

To be Continued on MONDAYS *and* FRIDAYS.

MONDAY, *January* 8. 172$\frac{7}{8}$.

AS I was the other Day paſſing away an Hour or two very agreeably at the Coffee-Houſe, in the Converſation of *Timoleon*, and two or three more of my Old Friends; we were joined by a certain impertinent Coxcomb, who is the Head of the Family of the *Flyblows*. This Wretch looks upon himſelf as a Perſon of the greateſt Conſequence, from his Knowledge of all the Scandal about Town; by the Strength of which he has long ſet up for a very formidable Critick on the Lives of his Contemporaries; and, like ſome of his modern Book-learned Brethren, values himſelf as much for his Skill in finding out all the Foibles and Weakneſſes of his Fellow-Creatures, as another Man would do for being able to rival their moſt ſhining Virtues. He clap'd himſelf down very familiarly at my Elbow, and being too well-bred a Man to make uſe of much Ceremony, he immediately attack'd me in the following manner on the Subject of my *Monday's* Paper. Mr. BICKERSTAFF, (ſays he) it muſt be allowed that you underſtand Books, and I thought you once knew a little of Mankind; but your old-faſhion'd way of talking in your laſt *Lucubration*, plainly ſhews that you have been ſo long out of the World, that you are grown quite a Stranger to the Manners of it. How do you think that a Man that underſtands the Town, can forbear laughing out, when he ſees you addreſſing yourſelf with ſo much Gravity to a Shadow of your own forming; and diſpoſing of your wiſe Counſels as Chimerically as *Don Diego* did of his Legacies, whilſt the Perſons to whom you are ſo bountiful, may be much about as eaſily found to receive the one, as his Money to pay the other? Could you really think there was at this time of the day any ſuch thing in nature as a True Friend? I will grant there are hundreds that Eat, Drink, Intrigue, and do every thing but Sleep together: But has any one of them any other End in all this, but merely the promoting his own particular Pleaſure? Or do they propoſe any thing further from it, than the ſecuring themſelves from the tireſome Apprehenſions of being left alone to the barren Entertainment of their own Thoughts, by mutually helping one another to murder their common Enemy TIME? I will alſo allow, that there are many who will attend your Houſe as regularly as your own Servants, to get an Opportunity of debauching your Wife, or of running away with your Daughter: Nay, I may perhaps admit that there are Men ſometimes to be met with, who will do you a real Kindneſs, provided they are very well aſſured before-hand, that you will return it with a greater. But Mr. BICKERSTAFF, can you ſhew me —— As the Ill-natur'd Coxcomb had poured out this Heap of Common-Place Satyr on Mankind with a great deal of Rapidity, he was here a little at a ſtand, either for want of Breath or Words; and whilſt he had recourſe to a Pinch of right Muſty for a Recruit, *Timoleon* laid hold of the Opportunity to interpoſe in my behalf. I can never (ſays he) much approve of general Invectives on the Times, which ſeldom tend to any thing but to countenance every corrupt Man in his own particular Vices. Beſides, as we are all inclinable to judge of others by ourſelves, and more eſpecially are but too apt to ſcreen our own Failings, by ſaying, they are nothing but

but what is common to Mankind; when I hear a Man debaſing Human Nature, I can hardly help ſuſpecting but that he is all the while painting out his Fellow-Creatures after his own real Likeneſs, and ſo only endeavouring to perſuade me to have the better Opinion of him, by convincing me, that every body elſe has the ſame Deformities with himſelf. This Diſcourſe of my good Old Friend, gave my Gentleman ſome ſort of a Rebuff; ſo that calling out to a Perſon by his Name, who was paying his Money at the Bar, he made up to him in a ſeeming hurry, and, to our great Satisfaction, we had no more of his Company. As ſoon as we found we were entirely got clear of him, *Timoleon* reaſſumed the Subject; and obſerved, that tho' ſuch malicious Stabs to Human Nature in general, betray'd a baſe and degenerate Mind, yet it muſt be confeſs'd, that there was more Truth in what he had advanced, than he could wiſh. It is with no little Concern, (ſays he) that I daily ſee Gentlemen affecting a ſort of Artifice and Reach in all their Intercourſe with one another; by which means, common Friendſhips are often little better than a Trial of Jockeyſhip; or at moſt, riſe no higher than to a weighing out of Kindneſſes to one another. It is made a Mark of Wiſdom to be ſelf-intereſted and deſigning; and a Man will be but with too many thought to know little of the World, who is not wholly dead to all the generous Sentiments of Humanity.

HE here made a Pauſe, when I deſired him to go on with the Diſcourſe; which he did in the following manner.

BUT ſurely, Mr. BICKERSTAFF, (ſays he) this is judging in downright Oppoſition to all the Principles of right Reaſon and Virtue; and will undoubtedly be found at the bottom to be acting as directly contrary to our own true Intereſt and Happineſs. Is there hardly any ſingle Man to be found, who has ever been mention'd with Honour in the Records of Time, that may not be proved to have had a Soul ſuſceptible of the warmeſt Ardours of Friendſhip? Have not all the fineſt Genius's of Antiquity employ'd ſome of their very beſt Thoughts, either in laying down Rules for the Conduct of it, or in celebrating its exalted Pleaſures, or in giving us the moſt charming Deſcriptions or loveliеſt Images of ſome particular Perſons in whoſe generous Breaſts this noble Paſſion has been moſt deeply rooted. Nay, in the Luſtre of the *Auguſtan* Age, would not a Man, who had not a Soul delicate enough to be touched with the tender Sentiments of Friendſhip, have been look'd upon but as one Remove above a Brute or Monſter? I believe it cannot be diſputed, but that Wit and Politeneſs were then at their higheſt Pitch in the *Roman* Empire, where they have ever been allowed to have flouriſhed beſt and longeſt: And I would therefore have ſome of our modern Pretenders to theſe Qualities, conſider what Refinements in Life they are like to introduce, when they muſt fetch their Notions from the moſt Barbarous and Ignorant Ages. They may perhaps laugh at this as unfaſhionable antiquated Talk; but they may take an Old Man's Word for it, That if they go on thus to poliſh themſelves out of the tender generous Sentiments of Humanity, they muſt at the ſame time bid Adieu to all the true Pleaſures of a Man, and will have no Gratifications left, but what are only natural to a Brute or a Devil.

THESE were the Words of *Timoleon*, and tho' private Converſation will ſeldom bear repeating, yet I hope the Town will think the Rehearſal of this Diſcourſe of my good Old Friend's, no diſagreeable or unprofitable Entertainment to them.

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